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FICUS INDICA.—THE INDIAN FIG.

THE different varieties of the Fig Tree are very common in Palestine and other eastern countries, and they flourish with the greatest luxuriance in those barren and stony situations where little else will grow. In the Hebrew scriptures the fig is called *Fanch*, "the grief tree," from the roughness of the upper surface of the leaf, which causes it to irritate and fret such parts of the human body as it is applied to. Hence the Rabbins and several of the Christian Fathers, represent Adam as selecting this tree—a kind of natural sackcloth—to clothe himself and his wife immediately after the fall, for the purpose of acknowledging his fault and expressing his contrition.

The traditions of the Greeks carry the origin of the Fig back to the most remote antiquity. It was known to the people of the East before the *Cereal*; and stood in the same relation to the inhabitants as the banana does to the Indian tribes of South America at the present day. With little trouble of cultivation it supplied their principal necessities; and furnished them with a source, not, as with us, of occasional luxury, but of constant food. The want of blossoms on the Fig Tree, was regarded by the Jews as a most grievous calamity. Cakes of Figs were included in the presents of provisions by which the widow of Nabal appeased the wrath of David. In Greece when Lycurgus decreed that the Spartan men should dine in a common hall, flour, wine, cheese, and figs were the principal contributions of each

individual to the common stock. The Athenians considered figs an article of such necessity that their exportation from Attica was prohibited. Either the temptations to evade this law must have been great or the law itself must have been very much disliked; for the name which distinguished those who informed against its violators was a general term of reproach, and was the same from which we derive our term sycophant from two Greek words signifying *a fig* and *to show*. As used by our writers this term implies a flatterer, but the French employ it to designate a liar and an impostor generally. In Rome the Fig was carried next to the vine in the processions in honor of Bacchus as the patron of plenty; and Bacchus was supposed to have derived his corpulence and vigor, not from the vine but from the fig. These circumstances show how largely this tree contributed to the support of man, and the veneration in which it was accordingly held by the nations of antiquity.

In the East the fig tree grows to a considerable size; so large indeed as to afford the weary traveller a convenient shelter from the noon day sun. Hasselquist says that when travelling from Tiberias to Nazareth, they refreshed themselves under the shade of one of these trees, under which was a well where a shepherd and his herd had their rendezvous, but without either tent or hut.—And Monyson speaks of “coming to a little shade of fig trees, where we rested during the heat of the day and fed upon such viands as we had.”—This cannot but remind the scriptural reader of such passages as the following. “And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his fig tree, from Dan to Beersheba.”—“They shall sit, every man under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid.”—see also, Zech. iii. 10. and John i. 48.

The double, and, in some climates, the treble crop of the fig tree, is one of the most curious circumstances belonging to its natural history, and further illustrates the value attached to it in the East. The first ripe figs come to maturity about the latter end of June, though some few may ripen before the full season. These few are probably of inferior value, for the Prophet says, “I found Israel like grapes in the wilderness; I saw your

fathers as the first ripe in the fig tree at her first time."

There are several varieties of the fig tree described by botanists. Of these we have given a drawing of the *Ficus Indica*, or Banian tree of the East. This majestic tree, the wonder of the vegetable world, claims our attention, not so much as a fruit tree, as from its being a sacred tree with the Hindoos, from its vast size and from the singularity of its growth. The fruit is not larger than a hazel nut, but the lateral branches send down shoots which take root, till in the course of time, a single tree extends itself to a considerable grove. Among the Ancients, Strabo mentions that after the branches have extended about twelve feet horizontally, they shoot down in the direction of the earth and there root themselves; and when they have attained maturity, they propagate onward in the same manner, till the whole becomes like a tent supported by many columns. This tree is also noticed by Pliny; and Milton has rendered the description of the naturalist of Verona, almost literally in the following beautiful lines:

"Branching so broad along that in the ground
The bending twigs take root; and daughters grow
About the mother tree; a pillared shade,
High overarched, with echoing walks between.
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Sheltering cool; and tends his pasturing herds
At loop holes cut through thickest shade."

Some specimens of the Indian fig tree are mentioned as being of immense magnitude. One near Mangee, in Bengal spread over a diameter of 370 feet. The entire circumference of the shadow at noon was 1116 feet, and it required 920 feet to surround the stems by which the tree was supported. Another covered an area of 1700 square yards; and many of nearly equal dimensions are found in India and Cochin China. But the largest of which we have ever heard, is on an island in the river Nerbedda, and is distinguished in honour of a Bramin of high reputation, by the name Cubbeer Buv. High floods have destroyed many of its incurved stems, yet those remaining measure two thousand feet in circumference; the number of its larger trunks, each exceeding the bulk of our noblest oaks, amounts to three

hundred and fifty, while that of its smaller is more than three thousand; so that seven thousand persons may find ample room to repose under its enormous shade, and may at the same time be richly supplied, from the vast abundance of fruit which it yields. Mr. Southey gives a beautiful and accurate description of one of these sacred trees, in his "Curse of Kehama," and concludes it thus:

"Nor weeds nor briers deformed the natural floor
And through the leafy cope which bowered it o'er
Came gleams of chequered light.
So like a temple did it seem that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer."

HOME.

How many and how fond are the recollections which this one word is often wont to awaken. True it is—most true, that

"There's no place like home,"

Home—the dwelling-place of affection, where in the sunny smiles, in the bright beamings of a pure friendship there is no treachery, no falsehood, where in every appearance there is reality—where every look and word and action is a true index of the heart. *Home*—the place where our sorrows and our joys may be spoken of without fear and without reserve—where a cold-hearted and unsympathising feeling is unknown—where the flame of a pure and ardent affection, like the holy fire at the altar-place of ancient Judea, burns on by night and by day undim'd and unextinguished, the place to which sometimes when we are far away, the thoughts and feelings of the heart will return and there linger, refusing for a season to be called elsewhere. O how inviting is home, with all its endearments, with all the loveliness and quietude of its seclusion—how inviting to him who hath long been abroad upon the "world's wide stage," companionless and exiled! How welcome it is to him who is way-worn and weary, amid the pilgrimage of life, to return to set him down for a little season amid the never-forgotten scenes of early years, the sequestered shades of home.—Sometimes the longing we

have for such a pilgrimage, and for such a retreat, is most intense. We can then scarcely be denied the enjoyment, mournful though it *may* be, yet not the less valued, of retreating from the toils and perplexities of life, to linger a little, in that place where is all the quietness, and where are all the unchanging endearments of home. And for one we know of no time when this feeling of which we have been speaking—this desire to sit us down again beneath the paternal roof comes over the spirit with more potency than at the season of Autumn.

In certain individual cases there may be a very obvious reason for the existence of this feeling, at this season. Its return may awaken such remembrances, as will bid every thought and every tender emotion of the mind to dwell for the time, nowhere but at home—where perchance at this time of the year some trace in one's history was so deeply, perhaps painfully drawn, as to remain there unerased till the hour of death—where the sere leaf of autumn fell upon the new made grave—of friendship—of perished hope.—If events of this kind were witnessed at this season, it is not strange that the return thereof should awaken the feeling which we have mentioned, in all its intensity. But as a general thing is not the desire to visit and enjoy the scenes of home, stronger, at this season than at any other. And *why* is it so? on this question there might be some interesting and perhaps not unprofitable speculation—but we have not now the time for it—one thing is true, it is now a season of pensiveness, a time when the buoyancy of the most gay cannot but be in some measure checked by the sombre outspread of autumnal scenery—by the withering of every thing around us, by the solemn preparation which all nature seems now to be making to lay herself down beneath the death-shroud of coming winter. Now while this is the case, while there is thrown over the face of all things around us the aspect of sickliness and decay, we know that the same is the case a few hundred miles from us. The field, the wild-wood, the garden and the grove, where we mused or where we sported when life was young, and which are endeared to us by all the fond recollections of early years, are now mantled over with the yellow of autumn.

Now may not this be a reason why in the autumnal

season home is so much thought of and longed for. Its scenery we love, and when we know that the hand of decay is upon it, that the bloom and the beauty of our own native bowers are fading away, that the leaves thereof are falling down and the flowers thereof are withering, then our sympathies are awakened, a pensiveness immingles itself with the thought of all that is faded and fallen on the landscape at home, upon which our young eyes once beamed with gladness; and we desire to go there, just as we would to go and visit a long-loved friend whom we might hear to be under the unchecked influence of disease, declining rapidly to the grave. To go and visit that friend would allay a feverish anxiousness of mind, and gratify a strong feeling of sympathy—so also it is in visiting the home we love during the sombre season of autumn. We long to go and muse with a sadness that gratifies, and with a sympathy that relieves the spirit, over that process of decay which we know is going forward upon all we love at HOME—upon all, save the undecaying AFFECTION which is there, and which no autumn chills, no winter storms can wither or waste.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

This eminent astronomer was born at Hanover on the 14th of April, 1738, and was the second of four sons. At the age of 14 he was placed in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of guards. About the year 1758, he proceeded with a detachment of his regiment to England. While here, it was young Herschel's good luck to gain the notice of the Earl of Darlington, who engaged him to superintend and instruct a military band then forming for the militia of the county of Durham, and towards the close of the year 1765, he was appointed to the situation of organist at Halifax.

In the year 1766, the late Mr. Linley engaged him and his elder brother for the pumproom band at Bath. He was a distinguished performer on the oboe and his brother on the violincello. He was not long in the city

before he was appointed organist to the Octagon Chapel : on attaining this distinguished situation he resigned that of Halifax ; but this accession of business only increased his propensity to study, and frequently after a fatiguing day of fourteen or sixteen hours, occupied in his professional avocations, he would seek relaxation, if such it might be called, in extending his knowledge of the mathematics.

Having in the course of his extensive reading, made some discoveries which awakened his curiosity, he applied himself to the study of astronomy. Finding himself becoming hourly more attached to that pleasing study, he lessened his professional engagements, as also the number of his pupils. Towards the latter end of the year 1779 he commenced a regular review of the heavens, star by star ; and in the course of eighteen months' observations, he fortunately remarked that a star which had been recorded by Bode as a fixed star, was progressively changing its position, and, after much attention to it he was enabled to ascertain that it was an undiscovered planet. He communicated the particulars to the Royal Society, who elected him a fellow and decreed him their annual gold medal. This great and important discovery he made on the 13th of March, 1781, and bestowed on the planet the name of *Georgium Sidus*, in compliment to our late King, George the Third.

Herschel, from the splendid result of his labors, not only established his fame in the scientific world, but was enabled, by the donation of a handsome salary from his late Majesty, to relinquish his professional labors, and devote the remainder of his life wholly to astronomy.

In consequence of this munificent act of the king, which must ever be mentioned to his honor as a patron of science, he quitted Bath, and fixed his residence first at Datchet, and afterwards at Slough, near Windsor.

In 1783, he announced the discovery of a volcanic mountain in the moon ; and four years afterwards communicated an account of two other volcanoes in that orb, which appeared to be in a state of eruption.

In 1802, Dr. Herschel laid before the Royal Society a catalogue of five thousand new nebulae, and nebulous stars, planetary nebulae, clusters of stars, which he had

discovered. By these and other scientific labors he established his title to rank amongst the most eminent astronomers of the age, and to be placed in the roll of those whom this country produced, only second to the immortal Newton.

Dr. Herschel married Mary the widow of John Pitt, Esq.; by whom he had one son, who was some time since a member of the university of Cambridge.

Sir William did not diminish his astronomical observations until within a few years of his death, which took place on the 22d of August, 1822, at the age of 82. He expired in the fulness of years, honored with the applause of the world, and, what was far dearer to him, the veneration of his family, and the esteem and love of all who knew him. On the 7th September, his remains were interred in the church of Upton Berks, in which parish he had for many years resided.

CABINET OF NATURE.

MOUNT HECLA, IN ICELAND.

With an Engraving.

Still pressing on beneath Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland to the Pole itself,
Where falling gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And hov'ring o'er the wide stupendous scene,
Beholds new scenes beneath another sky.
Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here winter holds his unrejoicing court,
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempests is forever heard;
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all subduing frost,
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows.

ON proceeding along the southern coast of Iceland, and at an inconsiderable distance from Skaalholt, this mountain, with its three summits, presents itself to the view. Its height is five thousand feet, or nearly a mile above the level of the sea. It is not a promontory, but lies about four miles inland. It is neither so elevated nor so picturesque as several of the surrounding Ice-

landic mountains ; but has been more noticed than many other volcanoes of an equal extent, partly through the frequency of its eruptions, and partly from its situation, which exposes it to the view of many ships sailing to Greenland and North America. The surrounding territory has been so devastated by these eruptions, that it has been deserted.

Vast regions dreary, bleak, and bare !
There on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the Moon's pale light,
Stern Winter rears his giant form,
His robe a mist, his life a storm :
His frown the shiv'ring nations fly,
And, hid for half the year, in smoky caverns lie.

The natives asserted that it was impossible to ascend the mountain, on account of the great number of dangerous bogs, which according to them, are constantly emitting sulphureous flames, and exhaling smoke ; while the more elevated summit in the centre is covered with boiling springs and large craters, which continually propel fire and smoke. To the south and west the environs present the most afflicting results of frequent eruptions, the finest part of the territory being covered with torrents of melted stone, sand, ashes, and other volcanic matter, notwithstanding which, between the sinuosities of the lava in different parts, some portion of meadows, walls, and broken hedges may be observed. The devastation is still greater on the north and east sides, which present dreadful traces of the ruin of the country and its habitations. Neither plants nor grass are to be met with to the extent of two leagues round the mountain, in consequence of the soil being covered with stones and lava ; and in some parts, where the subterraneous fire has broken out a second time, or where the matter which was not entirely consumed has again become ignited, the fire has contributed to form small red and black hillocks and eminences, from scorïæ, pumice-stones, and ashes. The nearer the mountain the larger are these hillocks, and there are some of them, the summits of which form a circular hollow, whence the subterraneous fire ejects the matter. On approaching Hecla the ground becomes almost impassable, particularly near the

higher branches of lava thrown from the volcano. Round the latter is a mountain of lava, consisting of large fused stones, from forty to seventy feet high, and in the form of a rampart or wall. These stones are detached, and chiefly covered with moss; while between them are very deep holes, so that the ascent on the western side requires great circumspection. The rocks are completely reduced to pumice, dispersed in thin horizontal layers, and fractured in every direction, from which some idea may be formed of the intensity of the fire that has acted on them.

There Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast,
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes to make the land a prey:
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.

Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Dr. James Lind, of Edinburgh, and Dr. Van Troil, a Swede, were the earliest adventurous travellers who ascended to the summit of Mount Hecla. This was in 1772; and the attempt was facilitated by a preceding eruption in 1766, which had greatly diminished the steepness and difficulty of the ascent. On their first landing, they found a tract of land sixty or seventy miles in extent, entirely ruined by lava, which appeared to have been in a state of complete liquefaction. To accomplish their undertaking, they had to travel from three hundred to three hundred and sixty miles over uninterrupted tracts of lava. In ascending, they were obliged to quit their horses at the first opening from which the fire had burst:—a spot, which they describe as presenting lofty glazed walls and high glazed cliffs, differing from any thing they had ever seen before. At another opening above, they fancied they discerned the effects of boiling water; and not far from thence, the mountain, with the exception of some bare spots, was covered with snow. This difference of aspect they soon perceived to be occasioned by the hot vapor ascending from the mountain. The higher they proceeded, the larger these spots became; and, about

two hundred yards below the summit, a hole about a yard and a half in diameter, was observed, whence issued so hot a stream, that they could not measure the degree of heat with a thermometer. The cold now began to be very intense. Fahrenheit's thermometer, which at the foot of the mountain was at 54, fell to 24; while the wind became so violent, that they were sometimes obliged to lie down, from the dread of being blown into the most dreadful precipices. On the summit itself they experienced at one and the same time, a high degree of heat and cold; for, in the air, Fahrenheit's thermometer constantly stood at 24, but when placed on the ground, it rose to 153.

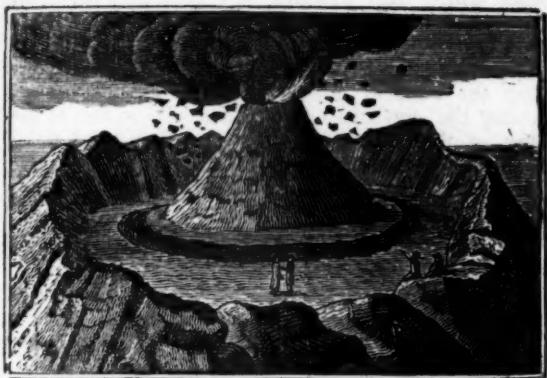
Messrs. Olafsen and Povelsen, two naturalists, whose travels in Iceland were undertaken by order of his Danish Majesty, after a fatiguing journey up several small slopes, which occurred at intervals, and seven of which they had to pass, at length reached the summit of Mount Hecla at midnight. It was as light as at noon day, so that they had a view of an immense extent, but could perceive nothing but ice: neither fissures, streams of water, boiling springs, smoke, nor fire, were apparent. They surveyed the glaciers in the eastern part, and in the distance saw the high and square mountain of Hærdabreid, an ancient volcano, which appeared like a large castle.

Sir G. S. Mackenzie, in his recent travels in Iceland, ascended Mount Hecla; and from his account we extract the following interesting particulars. In proceeding to the southern extremity of the mountain, he descended, by a dangerous path, into a valley, having a small lake in one corner, and the opposite extremity bounded by a perpendicular face of rock, resembling, in its broken and rugged appearance, a stream of lava. While advancing, the sun suddenly broke through the clouds, and the brilliant reflection of his beams, from different parts of the supposed lava, as if from a surface of glass, delighted our traveller by the instantaneous conviction that he had now attained one of the principal objects connected with the plan of his expedition to Iceland. He hastened to the spot, and all his wishes were fully accomplished in the examination of an object which greatly exceeded the expectations which he had formed.

On ascending one of the abrupt pinnacles, which rose out of this extraordinary mass of rock, he beheld a region, the desolation of which can scarcely be paralleled. Fantastic groups of hills, craters, and lava, leading the eye to distant snow-crowned jockuls, (inferior mountains,) the mist rising from a waterfall; lakes, embosomed among bare, bleak mountains; an awful profound silence; lowering clouds; marks all around of the furious action of the most destructive of elements; all combined to impress the soul with sensations of dread and wonder. The longer himself and his companions contemplated this scene, the more unable they were to turn their eyes from it; and a considerable time elapsed before they could bring themselves to attend to the business which had tempted them to enter so frightful a district of the country.

Having proceeded a considerable distance along the edge of a stream of lava, a narrow part of which they crossed, they gained the foot of the south-end of Mount Hecla. While, in ascending, they had to pass over rugged lava, they experienced no great difficulty in advancing; but when they reached the steepest part of the mountain, which was covered with loose slags, they sometimes lost at one step by the yielding of these, a space which had been gained by several.

Having passed a number of fissures, by leaping across some, and stepping along masses of slage which lay over others, they at length reached the summit of the first peak. The clouds now became so thick, that they began to despair of being able to proceed any further: it was, indeed, dangerous even to move; for the peak consists of a very narrow ridge of slags, not more than two feet broad, having a precipice on each side, several hundred feet in depth. One of these precipices forms the side of a vast hollow, which seems to have been one of the craters. At length the sky cleared a little, and enabled them to discover a ridge below, which seemed to connect the peak they had ascended with the middle or principal one.—They lost no time in availing themselves of this opportunity, and, by balancing themselves like rope-dancers, succeeded in passing along a ridge of slags, so narrow that there was scarcely room for their feet. After a short, but very steep, ascent, they



MOUNT HECLA.



CANTON.

gained the highest part of this celebrated mountain

Its earliest eruption is said to have happened in 1004, since which time upwards of twenty have occurred. That of 1693 was the most dreadful, and occasioned terrible devastations the ashes having been thrown over the island in every direction, to the distance of more than one hundred miles. In 1728, a fire broke out among the surrounding lava; and also in that to the west of the volcano, in 1754, which lasted for three days. There has not been any eruption of lava since 1766; but for some years after flames issued from the volcano.

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, NO. VIII.

CANTON.

With an Engraving.—See page. 267.

THE city of Canton is situate upon the east side of the large river Ta, from the mouth of which it lies about fifty miles. It is defended towards the water by two high walls, and two strong water castles, built in the middle of the river Ta.

Canton is the greatest port in China, and the only one frequented by foreigners. The city wall is about five miles in circumference, with pleasant walks around it. On the east side is a large ditch close to the wall.

From the tops of some adjacent hills, on which forts are built, you have a fine prospect of the surrounding country. It is beautifully interspersed with mountains, little hills, and valleys, all green; and these again pleasantly diversified with small towns, villages, high towers, temples, the seats of Mandarins and other great men, which are watered with delightful lakes, canals, and small branches of the river Ta, on which are numberless boats and junks sailing different ways through the most fertile places of the country.

The city is entered by seven iron gates, and within-side of each there is a guard-house. No foreigner is allowed to enter these if known; I have myself been frequently expelled, after I had been a good way within the city, when they discovered that I was a stranger.

The soldiers, who keep guard, are armed with spears, darts, swords, match-lock guns, but most of them with bows and arrows, which they still esteem more than any other warlike weapon. The streets are very straight, but generally narrow, and paved with flag stones. There are many pretty buildings in the city, great numbers of triumphal arches, and temples well stocked with images. The streets of Canton are so crowded, that it is difficult to walk in them; yet you will seldom see a woman of any fashion, unless by chance, when coming out of their chairs. And, were it not that curiosity in the Chinese ladies make them sometimes peep at us, we should never get a glance at them.

Though there are no magnificent houses in Canton, most of them being built only one, and none more than two stories, yet they take up a great extent of ground, many of them having square courts within their walls.

They have all such a regard to privacy, that no windows are made towards the streets, but in shops and places of public business. None of their windows look towards those of their neighbors. Within the gate or entry of each house, a screen is placed, to prevent strangers from looking in upon the opening of the gate; and you enter the house either on the right or left side of the middle screen, where there are little alleys to the right and left, from whence you pass into the several courts, which are walled on all sides.

Their entertainments are held in a sort of hall at the entrance of their houses, which have no other ornament, besides a single order of painted columns, which support the building. The roofs are open to the tiles, without any ceiling. In these they use no looking-glasses, hangings, or fine chairs; and their beds which are the principal ornaments of their houses, are seldom seen by strangers, who are not permitted to go farther than the first great hall. The Chinese, who keep shops, were less reserved, and would frequently invite us to their houses with great freedom, as they observed it would be agreeable to us.

The furniture of the best houses is cabinets, tables, painted screens, china, pictures, and pieces of white taffety upon the walls, upon which are written in Chinese characters, religious and moral sentences. They have

no chimneys ; but in their stead, they place a shallow iron pot, filled with charcoal, in the middle of the room in winter, which is ready to suffocate people who are not accustomed to it. They have a copper built in brick-work in their kitchen for boiling, much about the height of an English stove. The inside of their houses are never wainscoted nor painted, but are covered with thin paper. The windows are made of cane or rattan. In winter they cut oyster-shells into diamond shapes, and set them in wooden frames, which afford them a very dull light.

It is reckoned, that there are in the city and suburbs of Canton 1,200,000 people ; and you will scarce find a day in the whole year, but there are 5000 trading vessels lying before the city.

The temples and places of public worship are the most magnificent buildings in Canton. They are well filled with images. The people pay profound adoration to them, by falling down on their knees before them, wringing their hands, and beating their foreheads against the ground. These temples are decorated with a great number of artificial flowers, embroidered hangings, curtains, and fringes. One of them, situated in the skirt of the north-east side of the suburbs, makes a splendid appearance. It is four stories high, has a fine cupola, with many houses and galleries. The lower part of it is built with fine hewen stone, but the upper part is all of timber. We went first into the lower hall, where we saw images of all sizes, of different dignities, and finely gilded, and kept exceedingly clean by the priests. The lesser images were placed in corners of the wall, and one of a larger size in the middle of the hall. This large god, who is placed in the centre, sits in a lazy posture, almost naked, and leaning on a large cushion. He is ten times larger than an ordinary man, very corpulent, of a merry countenance, and gilt all over. We were next conducted up stairs, where we saw a great many images of men and women, who had been deified for their brave and virtuous actions.

Though Canton is but twenty-four degrees from the equator, and is scorching hot in summer, yet, about the months of December and January, it is subject to high winds, and very heavy rains. The sudden alteration

which the climate undergoes, is very surprising. At this time, the people of China take to their winter dress, which is lined with furs, or quilted cotton. Instead of wearing fans, which are used by men, women, and children, in hot weather, they hold a live quail in their hands to keep them warm, and have the long sleeves of their gowns drawn down, to cover their hands. Thus equipped, they walk so stiff, and shrug up their shoulders so much, that one would think that they were freezing to death.

The river Ta, at Canton, is somewhat broader than the Thames at London. But the crowds of small vessels that ply the Ta, are vastly more numerous. For the space of four or five miles, opposite the city of Canton, you have an extensive wooden town of large vessels and boats, stowed so closely, that there is scarcely room for a large boat to pass. They are generally drawn up in ranks, with a narrow passage left for vessels to pass and repass. Some of them are large vessels of eight or nine tons burden, called jonks, with which they perform their foreign voyages. Here are also an incredible number of small boats, in which poor families live all their life long, without ever putting a foot on shore. In these they keep dogs, cats, hogs, geese, and other domestic animals, both for subsistence and sale. There is nothing similar to this in Europe; for the people in this country are so exceedingly numerous, that vast numbers of families are obliged to betake themselves to boats on the river, for want of room, or the means of subsistence on land, where almost every inhabitable spot is occupied; these boats are very conveniently built, with arched covers and tilts, made of solid wood, or bamboo or cajan leaves, so high that the people can walk upright under them.

If we are willing to perform our duty, God is ready to assist us; if we are truly sincere, he is willing to accept us.

Frequently review your conduct and not your failings.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES:

ILLUSTRATED BY ANECDOTES.

Self-educated men.—Rennie; Linnæus; Vernet; Caravaggio; Chatterton; Harrison; Edwards; Villars; Jourdan; Baudinelli; Palisay.—*Influence of accident in directing pursuit.*

(Concluded from page 56.)

The late eminent engineer, John Rennie, used to trace his first notions in regard to the powers of machinery, to his having been obliged, when a boy, in consequence of the breaking down of a bridge, to go one winter every morning to school by a circuitous road, which carried him past a place where a thrashing machine was generally at work. Perhaps, had it not been for this casualty, he might have adopted another profession than the one in which he so much distinguished himself. It was the appearance of the celebrated comet of 1744 which first attracted the imagination of Lalande, then a boy of twelve years of age, to astronomy. The great Linnæus was probably made a botanist, by the circumstance of his father having a few rather uncommon plants in his garden. Harrison is said to have been originally inspired with the idea of devoting himself to the constructing of marine time-pieces, by his residence in view of the sea. It was a voyage in the Mediterranean which first gave to Vernet his enthusiasm for marine painting. Other great painters have probably been indebted to still slighter circumstances, for their first introduction to the art. Claude Lorraine derived his taste for design from frequenting the workshop of his brother, who was a wood engraver. The elder Caravaggio, Polidoro Caldara, was born of poor parents, at the town in the north of Italy from which he takes his common designation; and having when a young man, wandered as far as Rome in search of work, was at last engaged to carry mortar for the fresco painters, who were then employed in decorating the Vatican, which humble occupation giving him the opportunity of observing the operations of these artists, first inspired him with the ambition of becoming himself a painter. The commencement of the history of Michael Angelo Caravaggio is not very different. He, as his name denotes, was a native of the

same place as Polidoro, though he flourished more than half a century later, and he is recorded to have had his love of the art first awakened by being, when a boy, employed by his father, who was a mason, to mix plaster for some fresco painters at Milan. Another Italian painter, Cavedone, owed his introduction to his profession to the accident of having been received, after he had been turned out of doors by his father, into the service of a gentleman who happened to possess a good collection of pictures, which he began by copying in ink with a pen.

The youthful Chatterton's taste for the study of English antiquities is said to have been first excited by the accidental circumstance of a quantity of ancient parchment manuscripts having fallen into his hands, which had been taken by his father, who kept a school, from an old chest in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol, to make covers for the writing-books used by his scholars. If he had never seen these parchments, how different might have been the history of that gifted but ill-fated boy! George Edwards, the naturalist, and author of the splendid book entitled the "*History of Birds*," was in the first instance apprenticed to a London merchant; but the accident of a bed-room being assigned to him which contained a collection of books that had been left by a former lodger of his master's, gradually formed in him so strong an attachment to study, and especially to natural history, to which many of the volumes related (their original possessor having been a medical gentleman,) that he resolved to give up commerce, and to dedicate his life to literature and science. The late eminent French botanist, Villars, in like manner, after having set out in life as a farmer, suddenly became enamoured of natural science, from looking into an old work on medicine which he chanced to find at a house where he was staying.

The late French orientalist, Jourdain, was originally intended for the law, and had been placed with a notary. when, in the year 1805, the admiration he heard bestowed upon Anquetil Du Perron, then newly dead, who had in his youth enlisted as a private soldier in a corps going to India, in order that he might enjoy an opportunity of studying the eastern languages, kindled

in him an irresistible passion to devote himself to similar pursuits. Jourdain was at this time only seventeen years of age, and died when just thirty. Yet in that short interval he had acquired a distinguished name as an oriental scholar, and had given to the world a variety of able works; among which may be especially mentioned a very learned statistical account of Persia, in five volumes, which appeared when the author was only in his twenty-sixth year.

We will mention only a few other instances of the manner in which accidental, and apparently trivial, occurrences have sometimes operated in exciting latent genius. The Italian sculptor BANDINELLI, is said to have been first led to turn his thoughts to the art of statuary, by a great fall of snow, which happened when he was a boy at his native city of Florence. He fashioned a statue of the snow, which was conceived to give a striking indication of his talent for modelling. The late Mr. Lowery, was induced to embrace the profession in which he afterwards acquired so much celebrity, by the accidental inspection, when he was about fifteen years of age, of a portfolio of prints of Woollet, another of our eminent engravers. Thus, too, the famous German printer, BREITKOPF, the inventor of moveable types for printing music, and of many other improvements in typography and letter-founding, was first inspired with a liking for his profession, which he had originally embraced on compulsion, by falling in with a work of Albert Durer, in which the shapes of the letters are deduced from mathematical principles.

The celebrated Bernard Palissy, to whom France was indebted, in the sixteenth century, for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, had his attention first attracted to the art, his improvements in which form to this time the glory of his name among his countrymen, by having one day seen by chance a beautiful enamelled cup, which had been brought from Italy. He was then struggling to support his family by his attempts in the art of painting, in which he was self-taught; and it immediately occurred to him that, if he could discover the secret of making these cups, his toils and difficulties would be at an end. From that moment his whole thoughts were directed to this object; and in

one of his works he has himself given us such an account of the unconquerable zeal with which he prosecuted his experiments, as it is impossible to read without the deepest interest. For some time he had little or nothing to expend upon the pursuit which he had so much at heart ; but at last he happened to receive a considerable sum of money for a work which he had finished, and this enabled him to commence his researches. He spent the whole of his money, however, without meeting with any success, and he was now poorer than ever. Yet it was in vain that his wife and his friends besought him to relinquish what they deemed his chimerical and ruinous project. He borrowed more money, with which he repeated his experiments ; and, when he had no more fuel wherewith to feed his furnaces, he cut down his chairs and tables for that purpose. Still his success was inconsiderable. He was now actually obliged to give a person, who had assisted him, part of his clothes by way of remuneration, having nothing else left ; and, with his wife and children starving before his eyes, and by their appearance silently reproaching him as the cause of their sufferings, he was at heart miserable enough. But he neither despaired, nor suffered his friends to know what he felt ; preserving, in the midst of all his misery, a gay demeanor, and losing no opportunity of renewing his pursuit of the object which he all the while felt confident he should one day accomplish. And at last, after sixteen years of persevering exertion, his efforts were crowned with complete success, and his fortune was made. Palissy was, in all respects, one of the most extraordinary men of his time ; in his moral character displaying a high mindedness and commanding energy altogether in harmony with the reach and originality of conception by which his understanding was distinguished. Although a Protestant, he had escaped, through the royal favor, from the massacre of St. Bartholomew ; but, having been soon after shut up in the Bastile, he was visited in his prison by the king, who told him, that if he did not comply with the established religion, he should be forced, however unwillingly, to leave him in the hands of his enemies. " Forced !" replied Palissy. " This is not to speak like a king ; but they who forced you cannot force me ; I can die."

He never regained his liberty, but ended his life in the Bastile, in the ninetieth year of his age.

DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CONDOR.—VULTUR GRIPUS. Lin.

The Condor, or Vulture of the Andes, holds a conspicuous rank among the tribes which, on account of their size, their extraordinary strength and ferocity, and their amazing power of flight, are placed at the head of the feathered creation. Distinguished alike by all their qualities, he is moreover remarkable for the lofty station he occupies in the most elevated eminences of our globe, in which he appears to rest in solitary majesty, like a monarch surveying his tributary possessions, or from whence he soars on "ample pinion" to the greatest distance beyond this "visible diurnal sphere." The rarified air of their elevated regions, and the silence of the lofty mountains, are peculiarly suited to his nature, yet he is sometimes compelled by hunger to descend to the plains in search of his prey, but quickly returns from these lower situations when his appetite is appeased.

It is not so much for his magnitude as the great form of his beak and talons, and the breadth of his extended wing, that the Condor is distinguished. He is often represented in the fables which are told of him by travellers, as a bird of gigantic size; and his remarkable habits, and the romantic situation he inhabits have, no doubt, deceived persons not unworthy of credit as accurate observers. Humboldt states that he has seen them in their solitary haunts perched on the top of a rock, in the neighborhood of perpetual snow, with their dark forms projected against the azure sky, and the dazzling whiteness of the surrounding snow, and the optical delusion, usual under such circumstances, would naturally create a belief of his colossal dimensions.

His usual size is about 3 feet in length, and the extent of his wings about 7 feet. His form, as he is represented in a sitting posture, is not unlike our Turkey, his neck and head being bare of feathers, and a wattle

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CONDOR.

under his chin. His head is surmounted with a thin cartilaginous crest, or comb, of an oblong figure, extending over the forehead, and the base of the bill. The female is without this crest. The skin on the neck is wrinkled and seamed, and the ruff or collar at the bottom of the neck, consists of soft downy feathers of a snowy-white color contrasting with the dark bluish hue of the rest of the body. The wings are as long as to reach nearly to the extremity of the tail which is short and even.

The feet are extremely robust, and the nails long and but little crooked. The whole body is a dark bluish or nearly black, excepting the middle of the wings, which is whitish or light brown. The female is said to be of superior size to the male. The young are clothed, during the first months, with a long down or bristly hairs, which covers them so thickly that they appear larger than the parent birds. According to the relation of travellers who have had the means of receiving information from the Indians who inhabit the regions where the Condor frequents, it is said to build no nest: the eggs are deposited on the naked rock entirely bare or lightly covered with straw, or the woolly leaves of the only herbaceous plant which approaches its habitation. These eggs are perfectly white, and 3 or 4 inches long. The female continues with the young brood the greater part of the year.

The history of the Condor, like that of too many of the most remarkable animals, is involved in romance; and if we were to credit some of the accounts given of him, he would be considered as scarcely inferior in size or strength to the *Roc* of the Arabian fabulists, who was capable of raising an Elephant into the air with his powerful talons. Without resorting to fable, there is sufficient in his true character to render him an object of our wonder and admiration. It has already been observed that he is able to raise himself into the regions of the air and leave behind him our planet at an inconceivable distance. On the top of the lofty Chimborazo, and all along the great chain of the Andes, he extends to the most southern extremity of the new continent, and from his great muscular strength, his power of rising, the keenness of his scent and vision, and moreover from

his courage and audacity, he seems to possess uncontrollable power over almost all the animal race. The swiftest and strongest kinds, the Deer of the Andes, the Puma, the Vicuna, and others, are incapable of eluding his attack, and the largest cattle of the plains are equally liable to become the objects of his ferocity.

When once the Condor selects one of these as his prey, it is in vain to attempt escape. He pursues him on the wing, incessantly striking him with his powerful beak, until the miserable victim sinks from exhaustion, and is compelled to submit to his fate. The tongue is the favorite morsel which is first seized, and afterward the eyes are greedily devoured. He prefers dead carcases to the living animals, but where hunger obliges him, he pursues small birds or reptiles as well as quadrupeds. The stories related of his sometimes attacking man himself, are altogether fabulous. Humboldt, who observed many of them in their native places, states that they never appeared to show any disposition to attack him; and he never heard of any instance of their having seized upon young children, as is sometimes alleged. All the Indians, whom he interrogated on that subject, concurred in the same assertion, that the Condor was never considered as dangerous to man. He repeatedly saw young infants left asleep in the open air, while the parents went to the mountains to gather snow to sell in the towns, which would never have been so exposed if any danger could have been apprehended from the Condors.

Like many others of the rapacious birds, the Condor gorges himself with his prey, and in this condition will sit perched on the summit of a rock or other elevation, silent and immovable; and if disturbed, he may be chased on foot a considerable distance before he will take to flight. The Indians, who inhabit the districts where he is most commonly found, take advantage of this habit to capture him alive, by employing a noose at the end of a rope. For this purpose, a horse or a cow is killed and placed in some retired spot. The odor very soon attracts the notice of the Condors, who can perceive or scent their prey from almost inconceivable distances—large numbers of them assemble—they devour the carcase with their usual voracity, and glut

themselves so as to be unable to take to flight—the Indians pursue them on foot, and can easily cast a noose around their neck, as they run before them. Sometimes they make a desperate effort to rise from the ground by suddenly disgorging themselves, which is the only resource left them for escape. Among the stratagems which the Indians employ to take them alive, is the use of poisonous or soporific plants, which are placed in the dead carcase on which the Condors feed, and by that means they become intoxicated and are easily taken. The Condor when first captured is frightened and timid, but soon evinces his natural ferocity of temper, and is mischievous and dangerous to be approached.

It is extremely difficult to kill one of these birds, in the ordinary way, by strangulation or even by gun-shot. The feathers resist the force of a bullet, and Humboldt even states that a ball fired against the thigh of one of them was actually flattened without making the least impression.

The Condor appears to be altogether incapable of domestication, and is rarely seen in confinement in collections. An individual was not long since exhibited in this city. Another from Chili was living a few years ago in the menageri of the museum at Paris, and the figure we have given of him, was taken from that specimen.

GREAT MEN.

There are probably greater men who lie concealed among the species, than those who come out, and draw on themselves the eyes and admiration of mankind. If we suppose there are spirits or angels who look into the ways of men, how different are the notions which they entertain of us from those which we are apt to form of one another! We are dazzled with the splendor of titles; the ostentation of learning; the noise of victories. They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressure of what little souls call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the

head of armies, or among the pomp of a court; but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and bye-paths of life. The evening walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a general, at the head of a victorious army. A contemplation of God's works; a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment; tears that are shed in silence for the miseries of others; a private desire or resentment broken or subdued: in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue, are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and respectable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation, while those, who are most obscure among their own species, are regarded with love, with approbation and esteem.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ISAIAH LX. 8.

**"WHO ARE THESE THAT FLY AS A CLOUD, AND AS DOVES TO
THEIR WINDOWS."**

The flight of doves, when returning to their cotes, is remarkably rapid; and the metaphors of this passage point out the numbers, as well as speed, of those who should be converted to Christianity by the Apostles' preaching.

Morier, in his *Travels in Persia*, says, That in the neighborhood of Ispahan there are a great number of dove-cotes, built by the inhabitants, at a little distance from their houses, merely with a view to collect the dung for the manure of their lands. These are great round towers, wider at the bottom than top, with winding openings for the pigeons to enter. The inside resembles a honey-comb, by the multitude of holes that are there for placing their nests. It appears that the country people bestow more pains in ornamenting the outside of these towers than that of their own houses, for some of them are painted and beautifully embellished. The immense flights of pigeons that are seen near these dove-cotes may serve to explain that passage of Isaiah lx. 3. Their number, and the thickness of the masses, make them appear at a distance like a cloud, and sometimes they seem to darken the sun.

ANCIENT GRANDEUR OF MEDITERRANEAN AFRICA.

This region, which is now covered with darkness, and left so far behind in all the arts and attachments which exalt and adorn human nature, had at that early period, taken the lead in these very particulars of all other nations. It included Egypt and Carthage, which as the first seats of government and commerce were the admiration of the ancient world. In the patriarchal ages when Scripture history represents the Mesopotamian Plain, the scene of the future empires of Babylon and Assyria, as little more than a wide and open common, Egypt appears regularly organized, and forming a great and powerful kingdom; and when Greece was under the tumultuous sway of a multitude of petty chieftains, Homer already celebrates the hundred gates of Thebes, and the mighty hosts which, in warlike array, issued from them to battle. Egypt was illustrious, also, among the ancients as producing the first elements of learning and abstract science; the first approach to alphabetical writing by hieroglyphic emblems; the first great works in sculpture, painting, and architecture; and travellers even now find that country at an era when the faintest

dawn of science had not yet illuminated the regions of Europe. While Egypt was thus pre-eminent in science and art, Carthage equally excelled in commerce and the wealth which it produced; by means of which she rose to such a degree of power, as to enable her to hold long suspended, between herself and Rome, the scale of universal empire. In that grand struggle Carthage sunk amid the blaze of expiring glory, while Egypt, after having passed through many ages of alternate splendor and slavery, was also, at length, included in the extended dominion of Rome. Yet, though all Mediterranean Africa thus merged into a province of the Roman world, it was still an opulent and enlightened one, boasting equally with others its sages, its saints, its heads, and fathers of the church, and exhibiting Alexandria and Carthage on a footing with the greatest cities of the empire.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

EXTRACT FROM A FUNERAL SERMON.

What other friend has watched like her, over the helpless and uneasy hours of sickness—borne with its petulance—ministered to its infirmities—soothed its infirmities—soothed its pains—and smoothed its feverish pillow? Where are the friends of our prosperity when “the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, in which we must say—we have no pleasure in them?” When the clouds of misfortune descend, and poverty and want overtake us—when the heart is sick with the unfulfilment of hope, and the spirit droops over its blasted expectations—when the cup of life is empoisoned by mischance or guile—when the storm hath no rainbow, and the midnight hath no star—where then are the flatterers of our cloudless skies and our sunbright hours? When the schemes of earthly ambition fail, and the hiss of the multitude follows our downfall—whither have they departed? Where is the shadow that attended us, when the sun has veiled his beams? Where are the summer-birds, when the voice of winter sighs in the

leafless forests?—Alas! it is but interest—or convenience—or habit—or fashion—that preserves the friendship of mankind. Where are the friends of this world, when the mouth of calumny has breathed mildew and pestilence over the promise of our growing reputation: Where are they, when the taint of worldly dishonor has fallen on our heads, and shame, whether deserved or not, has pointed us out for scorn and mockery?—They have gone to worship the rising sun; and left perhaps their former benefactor to pine in gloomy solitude over their ingratitude, and to feel the biting memory of “benefits forgot.”

“For what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follow; wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.”

But the attachment of a mother, no change of fortune—no loss of influence—not even the loss of character can destroy. As the triumph of her children is her own, so is their downfall, and their dishonor. Her heart bleeds for them instinctively; her tears flow unbidden for their sorrows. Her eye follows them while present, and her soul goes with them while absent. With patience that never tires, and self-denial that never ceases, she cheerfully sacrifices for them her own comforts and pleasures. Her sympathy is felt—not obtruded; her consolation is never officious, and always soothing to the spirit; her friendship is unalterable in life, and strong in death—and she breathes her last sigh in a prayer for the welfare of her children.

Remembrance hovers over every incident, in those calm and blissful days, when her presence gave life its charm:—That affection which turned aside the arrows of misfortune—that gentleness which alleviated the pangs of distress—that tenderness which smoothed the pillow of sickness—that hand which held the aching head of pain—that piety and that sanctity which kindled in our heart the pure flame of devotion—those smiles which beamed upon us, and ever the brightest when the world was frowning—and that unalterable love which supported us amidst its unkindness and ingratitude—can these ever be forgotten?—Can we call to

mind without deep emotion the scenes of the death-chamber?—the beloved face fast fading at the touch of dissolution—and the fond farewell—the fervent prayer for us which ceased but with parting life?—Callous and hardened must be the heart of that child, who can behold without powerful emotion the memorials of a deceased parent. No!—the heart must swell, and the eye must weep, when we visit that closet where we conversed with God together, and find it in the abode of solitude and desolation of heart—when we look on the days that are to come, and behold the dark current of existence strewn with the wreck of our broken hopes and ruined schemes; and feel that we must travel in loneliness along the pathway of being, bereft of those who, by sharing, heightened our pleasures—and who, by dividing, alleviated our sorrows.

MUSIC.

Our amusements, the employments with which we occupy our leisure hours, have much to do with the formation of our characters. The man who seeks pleasure in boisterous mirth and midnight revelry, rarely proves a kind husband or a tender father; and the boy who delights to exercise wanton cruelty on the humblest insect, is rarely an agreeable playmate or a dutiful son;—whilst he whose recreations are of a sober and rational character, is most commonly a pleasant companion and a peaceable neighbor.

To the young, and to all engaged in their education, or interested in their well-being, this is a subject of much interest, and no efforts ought to be spared to give a right direction to the love of pleasure so strong in youth. Hence arises the usefulness of infusing early into the youthful mind a taste for intellectual pleasure; and inspiring love for the fine arts before a thirst is contracted for more dangerous amusements; of these none is more laudable or more improving than a knowledge and love of music; no one interferes less with other studies or other employments—the amount of time necessary for the attainment of a tolerable proficiency is not great, and the expense is inconsiderable.

But Music is not to be regarded merely as an amuse-

ment, nor are its advantages confined to the young. Who, "that hath music in his soul," has not felt his troubled spirit calmed, his heart softened and his love warmed, when engaged in the calm and sweet evening hymn :

"Let not the spirits of the air,
While I repose, my soul ensnare ;
But guard thy suppliant, free from harms,
Safe in thine everlasting arms."

Who has not been awe-struck at hearing—"Hallelujah ! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !"—burst forth from a full choir !

The lovers of well-ordered public worship have ever regarded Sacred Music as one of the most important parts. Let the preacher be warm and eloquent, and his performances of the first order—if the psalmody be unsuitable to his subject, or badly performed, the exercises are incomplete, and fatigue and listlessness frequently take the place which should be occupied by attention. But suitable words and music, performed with the spirit and understanding, afford powerful aid to the instructions of the pulpit, and create feelings of devotion, the most pleasant and profitable.

POETRY.

THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. C. GORE.

Why does my mother steal away
To hide her struggling tears ?
Her trembling touch betrays uncheck'd
The secret of her fears ;
My fathers gaze on my face
With yearning, earnest eye ;—
And yet, there's none among them all,
To tell me I must die !

My little sisters press around
My sleepless couch, and bring
With eager hands, their garden gift,
The first sweet buds of spring !

I wish they'd lay me where those flowers
Might lure them to my bed,
When other springs and summers bloom
And I am with the dead.

The sunshine quivers on my cheek,
Glitt'ring, and gay, and fair,
As if it knew my hand too weak
To shade me from its glare!
How soon 'twill fall unheeded on
This death-dewed glassy eye!
Why do they fear to tell me so?
I know that I must die!

The Summer winds breathe softly through
My lone, still, dreary room,
A lonelier and a stiller one
Awaits me in the tomb!
But no soft breeze will whisper there,
No mother hold my head!
It is a fearful thing to be
A dweller with the dead!

Eve after eve, the sun prolongs
His hour of parting light,
And seems to make my farewell hours
Too fair, too heavenly bright!
I know the loveliness of earth,
I love the evening sky,
And yet I should not murmur, if
They told me I must die.

My playmates turn aside their heads
When parting with me now,
The nurse that tended me a babe,
Now soothes my aching brow.
Ah! why are these sweet cradle-hours
Of joy and fondling fled?
Not e'en my parents' kisses now,
Could keep me from the dead!

Our Pastor kneels beside me oft,
And talks to me of Heaven;
But with a holier vision still,
My soul in dreams hath striven:
I've seen a beckoning hand that call'd
My faltering steps on high;
I've heard a voice, that trumpet-tongued,
Bade me prepare to die!

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

"There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit.
—*Gray's Letters.*

Oh! many a voice is thine, thou Wind! full many a voice is thine,
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps, thou bear'st a sound and
sigh.

A minstrel wild, and strong thou art, with a mastery all thine own;
And the Spirit is thy harp, O Wind! that gives the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where shiver'd helmets lie,
And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a Clarion in the sky:
A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of stormy drums—
All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their waste brought
back

Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track;

The chime of low, soft, southern waves on some green, palmy
shore,

The hollow roll of distant surge, the gather'd billow's roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty rushing
Wind!

And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined:

The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things and free
Of the dim, old, sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conqueror passing by,
Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of haughty revelry;

The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,

The far-off shouts of multitudes, are in thy rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tomb and shrines from ancient min-
sters vast,

Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing hath
pass'd;

Thou hast caught the Anthem's billowy swell, the stately Dirge's
tone,

For a Chief with sword, and shield, and helm, to his place of slum-
ber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, wherein our young days
flew,

Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved the kind,
the true;

Thou callest back those melodies, though now all changed and
fled—

Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead:

Are all these notes in thee, wild Wind? these many notes in thee?
Far in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be?

Yes! buried but unsleeping there, Thought watches, Memory lies,
From whose deep Urn the tones are pour'd through all earth's har-
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THE VALLEY OF THE MOHAWK.